

HORN-FLY VS. POTATO BUG.

The horn-fly like the potato bug has come to stay. Intelligent farmers do not smear the potato leaves with filthy greasy mixtures to keep off the bugs, no, they use something to kill them, so with the horn-fly, the sensible up-to-date farmer does not cover his cattle with kerosene or axle grease, because he knows these things will not kill a single fly while they taint the milk and injure the health of the animal, but they do use **Shives' Insect Powder** which kills the flies and is harmless to the animals. Be sure you get from your merchant or druggist genuine Shives' Powder, it is cheap and sure. It kills the flies every time.

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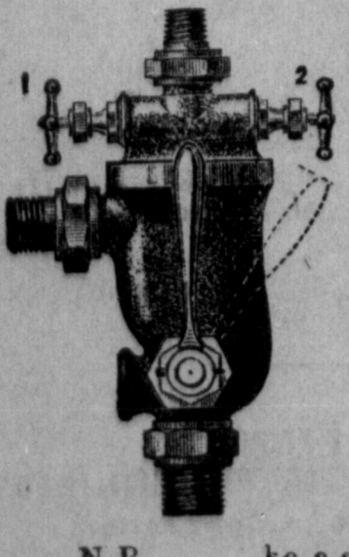
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Getting a Pointer
 "You are a farmer, I take it?" queried the sharp-nosed man as he sat down beside the man with his trousers tucked into his boots.
 "Waal, yass, I farm," was the reply.
 "Then I want to talk to you. I've got a patent hay-fork which I am going to travel with this summer, and I should like to get a few pointers from you to start on."
 "P'inters, eh? Waal, what sort?"
 "How shall I approach the average farmer?"
 "Waal, you'll generally find him in the field."
 "Yes."
 "Just tell him what you've got."
 "Yes."
 "He'll ask you to the barn to talk."
 "I see."
 "But don't you go. Instead of that, make a bee line for your buggy, climb in, and scoot as fast as you can for the next six miles."
 "But why?"
 "Oh, a'uthin' much. I only killed six myself last week; but, you know, it rained purty steady for two days, and travel was light."

His One Great Trouble
 An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable waterplace was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman who wore one of those close fitting clerical vests which button behind.
 The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.
 "OO ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.
 "You are sure that there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."
 The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said, "Weel, there's just as thing that troubles me, but, I dianna like to speak o't."
 "Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman.
 "Tell me what is it that troubles and perplexes you?"
 "Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly, "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat."—Tit Bits.

Admits His Guilt
 UPPER MARLBORO, Maryland, Oct. 15. James Smith, the murderer of Margaret Brown, admitted his guilt in open court here to-day, and after evidence had been given in compliance with the law governing cases in which capital punishment may be inflicted, was sentenced to be hanged. The brutal slayer and tader of an innocent girl manifested not the slightest emotion at any time and recounted the circumstances of the crime with the utmost unconcern.
 Smith, who has been in the Baltimore jail since his arrest for fear that he would be lynched, was brought here this morning, and upon being arraigned was asked whether he was guilty.
 "Guilty of the murder, but not of the assault, as charged," he replied in a clear voice.
 "On the evening of July 28th, Miss Brown and I had a quarrel. I knocked her down, choked her, went down stairs, got a knife, returned, took the knife and cut her throat. That's all there was to it."
 The case was then given to the jury without argument, and a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree promptly rendered.



Her Meaning—Angry Father—"What do you mean by being engaged to half a dozen men at once?" She—"Nothing."
 —Detroit Free Press.
Old Gruff—"Waiter, you don't mean to say that this is spring lamb?" Waiter—"Indeed, it is, sir." Old Gruff—"H'm! What year?"—Harper's Bazar.
Ambiguous—Ardent—Lover—"For you, miss, I am ready to go to the ends of the world." Coy Maiden—"Oh, sir, you go to far."—Flicking Blatter.
 "It must be such pleasure to sing as you do. Does your husband sing, too?"
 "Well, John—John wants to sing awfully—and he does."—Harlem Life.
Defined—"What is an accommodation train, papa?" "An accommodation train, my son, is one that stops at every station that you don't want to get off at."
 —Truth.
An Exhausting Topic—"Flapperton, how do you stand on politics this year?" "I don't stand at all, whenever anyone mentions politics I sit down."—Chicago Record.
Fetter Places Than Home—The Bride—"Why do you stay away from home every night, Fred?" The Brute—"It must be the result of the habit acquired while courting you."—Truth.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HOUSES IN TREE-TOPS.
 The Indians of Guiana Build Beyond the Reach of Floods.
 One's interest in the Guiana country naturally centers about the most fertile region, that which commands the mouth of its great waterway. As you approach the Orinoco from the Gulf of Paris, you still see that picturesque sight to which Humboldt refers in his travels, "innumerable fires in the tall palm trees"—the dwelling places of the peaceful Guaranos.
 The legend that this strange tribe of Indians, once the masters of the Orinoco, live in trees the entire year results from the great annual rise of the Orinoco. At Ciudad Bolivar, three hundred miles up, this amounts sometimes, in a contracted place, to ninety feet. On the broader delta it is always sufficient to cover islands and low ground; therefore the inhabitants very wisely build their houses well above the ground. For this purpose four tall palm trees are selected, and the cross-pieces which form the foundation for the houses are lashed to the main support by pieces of a tough vine indigenous to the delta. Upon these is laid the flooring, and then the sides and roof are thatched with large palm leaves, to which the Indians have given the poetic name of "feather-of-the-sun."
 There are many advantages that this particular palm leaf possesses over others of the same family, the principal one being its similarity to asbestos in the quality of resisting fire. In the location of his house the Guarano takes another wise precaution in building, and it is one that carries with it a lesson for the Government under whose sovereignty he lives.—The Century.

HE GOT JUDGMENT.
 But the Merchant Doesn't Want Any More of the Kind.
 A Washington attorney is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations. He has owed a certain grocer \$8 for a year or two. The other day the merchant concluded to try a new course with him. Meeting him in his store, he said—
 "Judge, I have a customer who owes me a small bill and has owed it for a long time. He makes plenty of money, but won't pay. What would you do?"
 "I'd sue him," said the lawyer emphatically.
 "Well, I will put the account in your hands," and the merchant presented a statement of the account against himself.
 "All right. I will attend to it," said the disciple of Blackstone.
 A few days later the merchant received the following note from the lawyer:—
 "In the case of — against — I took judgment for full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned 'no property found.' My fee for obtaining judgment is \$10, for which amount please send check. Will be glad to serve you in any other matters in which you may need an attorney."
 —Washington Star.

A Curious Camp Stove.
 An Aroostook, Me., woodsman, E.B. White, has a curious and unique arrangement for cooking food over an open fire, which he calls a camp range. It consists of a three-fourths-inch iron gas pipe, eighteen inches long, hammered to a point at one end and plugged with metal, through which there are three small holes, each of a size fit to hold the end of a wire, say, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Loops are made of wire, into which skillets, pails, pans or other tapering cooking utensils are fitted snugly. A washer of sheet iron fits over the end of the gas pipe and is prevented from slipping clear down by a snug metal wristband. The washer serves to brace the wires. The gas pipe is driven into the ground and red embers and coals placed about it. The food is cooked easily and quickly. A coffee pot hanger is also used, it being bent up, so that the long coffee pot will swing clear of the fire. Had White cared to do so, he might have made a snug sum of money by patenting and selling his handy contrivance.—Lewiston, Me., Journal.

Jamie's Offer.
 Jamie is a bright-eyed boy who belongs to a family of seven children. He has an uncle living in the country twenty miles from his city home, and he loves to visit him.
 Although he is only six, he shows great fondness for animals, and during his last visit he was much interested in a little calf there, and kept teasing his uncle to sell it to him to take home.
 Finally the uncle asked: "What would you pay me for the calf?"
 Jamie replied: "I haven't much money, but I could trade the baby for the calf, for we have a baby at our house most every year."
Call a Spade a Spade.
 There is nothing like calling things by their right names, or perhaps we may say, some new things by old names. The late bishop of Derry once said, when addressing a congregation of undergraduates at Oxford: "You young men are very proud to call yourselves agnostics. It's a Greek word. I don't think you're equally fond of its Latin equivalent, 'ignoramus.' Language, we know, is frequently misused to conceal thought, sometimes it hides the want of thought. When a man does not know a thing he calls himself, or it, by a long name which sounds wise, but means nothing practically."
Golden Wedding.
 "But, papa, things have changed since you were young." "Yes, they have. Folks used to wait fifty years for a golden wedding, now they want it at the start."—Chicago Record.

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